BLACK BOOTY

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CARMEN BOOBS AND BUTT

MAHOGANY BEATIFUL BLACK BOOTY FOR DAYS

30+ MILF PRESENTS







BUACK BOOTY

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BLACKBOOTY

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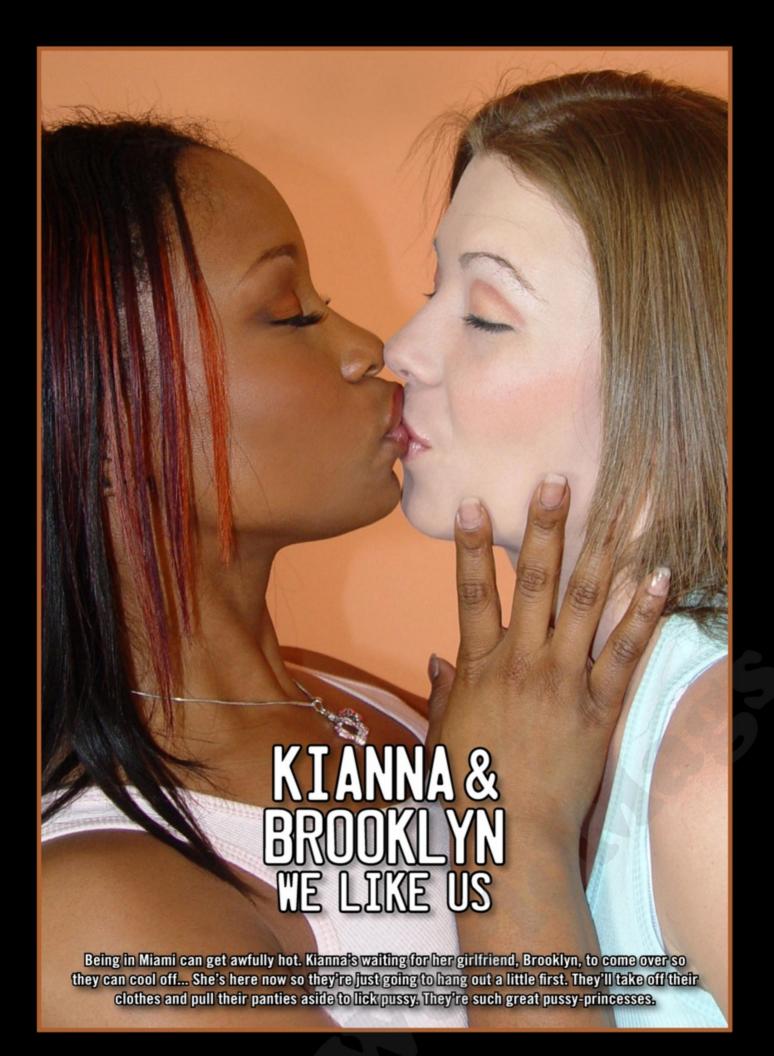






























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ALEXIS IN A LONG SLOW BANG I like to take time to properly cleanse and perfume my privates, so when my man goes down there, he'll remember my scent and the special things I've done for him. Then I'll work those muscles and get them into fucking shape before he sets even one-half inch into me. But none of that is going to happen until he gets the best blowjob he's ever, ever had!











































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BLACKBOOTY

LESSON LEARNED

I'm a twenty-nine year old woman writing to you because there are so few outlets for us to express our sexuality. There are a lot of so-called 'men's magazines' but nothing for us women. Yeah, I know there's all sorts of porn all over the internet, as well as some labeled 'for women' but it's still mostly produced for a male thrill. No one wants to address our sexual feelings, visually. Well, I want to share with you and your readers so they know that your sex life can go on quite happily. There are women that have been with one guy since high school. He's all they've ever known. Then, when he's done with her, she goes into a shell or retreats from sexual society for fear of not being wanted or rejected.

I look at myself as a one woman crusader for a healthy sex life. I try not to preach, but I've helped a few of my lady friends get down. Here's one way to do it. Many of my lady friends, that have lost their man through divorce or cheating, have a tough time getting back into dating, let alone having sex. Many are frustrated, but are also unwilling to try new things and re-sex themselves for long periods of time. I'll talk to them and say we can do it together. Nothing lesbian or extreme, just a supportive male partner to re-introduce them to normal, healthy sex. Reluctantly they'll agree and that's when I set things in motion.

My plan? I have a man ready for them. Not to fuck but to explore him. Make the woman unafraid of a new male and his body.

Example? Let's call her Celeste, and she's been divorced without



a man for more than three years. It all starts at my house with an invitation to her and (let's call him) Carlos. I have to tell you that things are going to have to get a little more explicit here because that's what happens.

So Celeste comes to my house and Carlos is already there. They both know what's going to happen so we start with a glass of wine and get to know each other

Hey Black Bootay:

Oh yeah, gotta jot down on paper that I love this magazine. Only problem is, not enough bootay. I love bootay! You dudes

gotta step up to the plate and get some more ass on those pages. Now listen, every page doesn't have to have a butt on it, but more would be appreciated. I don't care if they're big and round or slim and trim, as long as it's a backside.

And those cocks. Let's see more cocks in the ass. What good is a pretty booty without a cock penetrating it. Even fingers and tongues will do, but more anal penetrations, please. Then after you show us more,

you can earn the title with Bootay in it. In the meantime, just keep up the great work with those great looking babes getting fucked hard and I'll stay happy. But do try to make me, and I'm sure a lot of the other readers, happier with more ass. Much more ass. Your humble anal servant...

Rob. Milwaukee



She strokes him to climax as he jets his warm cum onto her chest. She touches it and rubs a glob of it between her fingers to sense it's wetness and texture.

just a little. It will go something like this...

Carlos is a man in his thirties with a good but not great physique. He is pleasant and warm. Celeste is polite and timid so I force them into conversations that will bring out her sexual fears and work on them. I tell Carlos to stand up in front of her, but not too close. As he does, I get behind him and begin to undo his shirt. I tell Celeste to stand up and finish opening it and touch his chest and nipples. Usually after a little hesitation and some more prompting, she does and helps me pull it off him. I tell her softly to undo his belt, his zipper and pull his pants down. She slowly does it. I ask if she wants to disrobe at all, but most women will be even more uncomfortable with this so she stays in her clothes. I tell her to pull down his boxers or to slip her hand inside if she is uncomfortable looking at it right now. Celeste chooses to slip her hand down under the waistband. She searches and finds his semi-erect cock. I tell her to stroke it and reach lower for his balls. Carlos, like a good guy, stands there silent. After a moment of this I take and pull his boxers down and he steps out of his pants and boxers. Celeste's a little surprised, but cannot help to look down and see her hand around this stranger's cock. I ask if she's okay so far and she nods that she is.

I start to rub my hands up and down Carlos' chest, still from behind, to try and make Celeste a little more comfortable with the sexual situation. If I stay behind him, she'll not think there could be any lesbian overtones and her focus stays on the man directly in front of her.

"Isn't it gorgeous?" I say, reenforcing the beauty of sex. Celeste says 'Yes.' pumping it with her fist a few times. He was fully erect now and pointing straight up. Without any more encouragement, I can see confidence building in Celeste as she strokes it harder and works her hands all around his balls. I let this continue for a few minutes and then ask, "Would you like to taste it?" She looks back down at his hard cock.

With that she dropped to her knees in front of Carlos and pins his cock to his stomach and licks the long shaft slowly from the base to the head. The room was filled suddenly with wet sucking noises as Celeste slowly fits her mouth over his cockhead. Celeste then sucks it into her mouth as far as she can feeding herself an inch at a time until her throat was so full she gagged. Celeste removes his dick from her mouth and catches her breath. She looks intently at the cock before her. She reaches out and put a hand on each ass cheek and forces his spongy head into her mouth. I back away and leave Celeste to her own desires.

I came out from behind Carlos and sat on the sofa next to them as Celeste pressed his cock against his stomach and began tonguing his balls. With her eyes shut, I could tell she was getting lost in her own erotic world. She was no longer denying that she was a sexual person. I helped her out of her top and her bra and she

rubbed her breasts, awakening them from their long slumber by pinching her nipples to erection. She then boldly stands up and gets behind Carlos, pressing her chest into his back and reaching around to take his cock in her right hand. She pumps him hard as she rubs her chest against him. Carlos stands there like a soldier and takes it, letting her get out her years of sexual frustration.

Carlos senses he's about to cum and motions to me. I tell Celeste and ask if she wants to finish him. She nods. I ask if she wants to watch it and swirl my finger into the air motioning her to come around front and get on her knees so Carlos can finish on her chest. She strokes him to climax as he jets his warm cum onto her chest. She touches it and rubs a glob of it between her fingers to sense it's wetness and texture.



Lesson's finished and Celeste thanks me, and Carlos. A couple months later, she calls and tells me she's dating and fucking again. I know, that's what I do.

- Eve, Los Angeles

It didn't take long for Malik to shoot his load over her boobs. Gabbie then turned her attention to my cock and pretty soon I added my load to the spunky mess.

TWICE FUCKED

We had just got back from the movies last night. (I'm writing today so I don't forget.) We sat around the fire and popped open a couple bot-



tles of wine. We were sitting on the back patio and beginning to feel the effects. Malik is my best friend and his lady is Gabbie. My wife had a couple drinks and retired early. We were talking and passing the cell phone around so we could see naked 'selfies' of Gabbie. She wasn't shy about herself and was actually telling us about when and where she took them. There were about ten or twelve different ones in various staes of undress, but all highlighted her gorgeous brown boobs and big toothy smile, pure white against her dark skin.

Gabbie goes into the house and

beckons us two guys inside where | she began to unbutton her blouse. Malik was busy drawing the blinds as Gabbie unclipped her bra. "Here. Have a feel of these. Much better than looking at photos!" she said. I began to get some kind of composure back and moved to gently stroke her superb boobs and nipples. She sighed and so I began to flick my tongue over her large nipples bringing them to a spectacular hard erection. I looked over to Malik, who by now had his trousers and t-shirt off. and was already standing at attention.

He moved behind Gabbie and slid her jeans and thong off all in one tug. She lay back on the sofa brazenly displaying her large boobs, hard nipples and glistening shaven pussy. I was hurriedly undressing, my cock had precum already glistening on the tip. "Like what you see here?" said Gabbie exposing the pink of her shaven pussy. I slid into her as she arched her back grunting then gently moaning. The atmosphere was electric and as I continued to fuck Gabbie, she enthusiastically wrapped her legs around me trying to get my cock into her as deeply as possible.

After a few minutes of this I managed to pull out and Malik took my place. I stroked Gabbie's boobs as Malik fucked his wanton babe. After a while, they changed positions and Gabbie rode Malik's cock while she sucked on mine. This lasted for a while before Malik and I swapped positions. Eventually she came groaning loudly. Once she had recovered, she knelt down and began taking turns sucking us off. It didn't take long for Malik

to shoot his load over her boobs. Gabbie then turned her attention to my cock and pretty soon I added my load to the spunky mess. That event wasn't a one off as Gabbie clearly loved this. However, about three months later, things happened. Malik changed jobs and he and Gabbie moved out of the area. We saw very little of each other after that, but the sessions with Gabbie and Malik had kindled an interest in swinging. After ten years of married life and my wife knowing of my past experiences, we decided to dip our toes in the water. Fortunately my wife loved it and we loved nothing more than to get a weekend away and visit a local swingers club.

One weekend, we visited a club and as we had a drink at the bar in walked Malik and Gabbie. The three of us were stunned. My wife then quickly catching on to who they were. Normally you wouldn't want to meet an ex work colleague in such circumstances, but this was different. We caught up on old times and almost seamlessly ended up in a room where we enjoyed a great four-way, Malik fucking my wife while I re-acquainted myself with Gabbie's body once more. Afterwards we swapped phone numbers and meet up every now and again for a sexy weekend.

- MC Wille, Los Angeles

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MARIE I°N PRIMED AND READY TO FUCK

I have an adventurous spirit when it comes to sex. There's little that is out of bounds. First there is that possibility of getting off in ways I haven't. The fact that there is the possibility of that happening is enough to get the adrenaline pumping! There is also the thrill of doing it with someone new.





















































the game's the same's the same

ne of the best point guards, Adrian Beldin, was a highly recruited high school star that came out early for the pro draft after only two years of college ball. He was a late first round selection by our home team and Dwight, my husband, the man who scouted him for the last six years, would be the first to officially greet him before training

camp. They had been communicating phone and email for the last few months and I have to admit, I too was pretty excited to see him come to play for us. He was to show him the town, help him relocate, get him to the training facility on the first day, and whatever else it took to make him happy. He was to be a critical part of the team and his happiness was important. I usually turn out to be the 'whatever else' that makes the new ball players happy. It's a little tradition we've had since we won the Championship a few years ago. At first I was reluctant but after our

success, I felt like a huge contributor to the team. Even if it was on my back, it was just as important as the three point shot. Or at least I'd like to think it was.

That morning, Dwight picked him up at the airport and dropped him off at the hotel to freshen up. He told him that he'd be by at seven to pick him up for dinner and that he had a little welcoming present for him. Right on time Dwight and Adrian left the hotel for the restaurant. They were recognized immediately and seated for dinner. Adrian was an engaging young man with a great future. Both men enjoyed their steaks and settled back for an after dinner drink and discussions of the team and basketball. I was to arrive about nine that night and do my thing. I spent the

evening preparing for it and told Dwight I'd give my all.

When I arrived, there were very few who didn't notice me. I glided across the floor. My five inch heels made me appear taller than my 5'6" frame. My dress, a black satin and silk affair is split up the side, about ten inches

> beyond the knee. Tonight called for garters and stockings, and little else underneath. No bra. In that dress, I couldn't really wear it without it being obvious.

> I have rather large natural breasts but they are spectacular. They ride firm and high on my chest and are capped with bullet nipples, and tonight they were sticking straight out! The dress had no back, and very little front. Cut very low, my breasts were displayed to their best advantage. The only way I could have exhibited them more would be

if I was topless. For now, this was as good as it would get.

I immediately spotted Dwight when I entered the restaurant. Adrian's back was to the door. I walked up to the bar and ordered a drink. This was the scheme and I was following it with great anticipation. Adrian excused himself to use the rest room and Dwight waited for his return before calling me over. I watched Adrian walk back the table. He was well over six feet and built like a ball player should be. He was wearing an open collar shirt, unbuttoned to the third button, allowing his smooth chest to contrast against the white shirt he was wearing. It made his blackness seem all that more dark. His clean-shaven face looked like it had been chiseled out of black granite.



I don't think I had ever been so turned on by the mere sight of any man that I could remember. But this guy made my pussy wet just looking at him! His chest tapered into his pants, that by this time I was examining rather closely. I knew I was imagining it, but it looked like I could see the outline of his cock as it ran down his left leg. And imagination or not, I was excited!

Dwight pretended as if he had just spotted me and motioned me over. The games were about to begin! "Hey, Harmony! Glad you could make it." My husband extended his hand to me, as if I were there on a business deal. Well, I guess, if it was fashion, I was. "How nice to see you again, too, Dwight." I shook his hand with my best manners. "Harmony, I'd like you to meet my friend, Adrian. Adrian, this is the woman I was telling you about." "It's so nice to meet you." "It's nice to meet you too. Dwight has been telling me all about you." "All of it nice, I hope." Dwight entered into the conversation at this point. "I hope you don't mind, Harmony, but I told Adrian about your hopes of becoming a lawyer, and I explained to him that after your husband left you, you decided to pursue criminal law."

By telling Adrian just a little bit about me, Dwight had deftly explained why I didn't seem to be your average call girl. Talk about smart! My husband had already provided me with the perfect cover. Just as I was about to take a seat, the band started up. Adrian reacted with style and class. "Before we sit, would you care to dance?" "I'd love to dance!" was my reply. "Shall we then?" Before I knew what happened, I found myself with Adrian's arms around me, moving me as if I had no substance, no weight. I fit into his arms like I'd been made just for that fit! I could feel his muscles as he led me, gently but with a firmness I would come to appreciate before the night was over. I seemed to melt into him. And I felt the hardness running down his left leg. No, that wasn't my imagination. I felt a hard cock! He seemed aware of my recent discovery.

"I'm sorry if I'm pressing you too hard. It's just when a woman as soft as you comes against me, I'm afraid I forget my manners. Is it hurting your leg?" There it was. He was referencing his cock, as if it were just something pushing against me. I looked up at his face and replied. "No, it isn't hurting me. I like the feel of a man as he gets excited." With that, I pushed myself closer to him, and I swear, I could feel his dick harden even more against the softness of my legs. When the dance was over, I could feel he didn't want to let me go. But he did! Damn, I was ready to fuck him right there, on that dance floor, in front of a room full of strangers. And in front of my husband. My pussy was leaking with anticipation. We made our way back to the table. As I sipped my drink, I exchanged looks with my husband. I

was ready to get this show on the road, and wondered how I would know when it was time to move on, when someone would suggest that the three of us go back to the hotel and up to Adrian's room.

I was looking forward to sucking that huge cock, to having it enter my tight pussy, and I was looking forward to watching the expression on my husband's face as this man fucked me. Dwight answered my unasked question. "Listen kids, it's getting late, and I have an early day tomorrow," my husband said looking at his watch. "Why don't I just call it a night. I hope you two won't mind if I leave?"

We've been swingers a long time, but only rarely did we ever swing alone. I would be on my own. "Oh, don't rush off. I was hoping I could entertain the both of you tonight." "I do have a rather busy day tomorrow. I've told Adrian that you said you'd have to be back at your place by two and he understands that." "Well, then, that settles it. I'm off." With that, my husband stood, shook hands with Adri-



an, winked and said under his breath, "Enjoy yourself, pal. And don't wear it out!" And he was gone! I watched my husband walk out the door and then turned to Adrian. I had no idea what to do next.

"Are you ready?" he asked. "Yes. I suppose so." I was still a bit apprehensive, but I put on a good front. "Yes," I said, "I'm ready." Adrian took me by the arm and led me out the door of the lounge, the same door my husband had taken a few moments ago. Only I didn't turn right, out the other set of doors and to my car as my husband had. Instead, I turned left, out toward the elevator, and toward the room where I was about to be royally fucked! Back at the hotel, while we waited for the elevator, Adrian seemed to be the

I fit into his arms like I'd been made just for that fit! I could feel his muscles as he led me, gently but with a firmness I would come to appreciate before the night was over. I seemed to melt into him.

...I wasn't sure if I had hold of his cock or a snake. Whatever it was, it was big... and it was moving! When my hand came out of his pants, so did the biggest cock I can ever remember handling.

perfect gentleman. He chatted about the draft, basketball, and the humidity. Just as the elevator bell rang, indicating that the door was about to open, Adrian reached his arm out and pulled me closer to him. He leaned down to me and whispered, "Grab my dick!" I reached down, between his legs, and gave his cock a s-l-o-w rub, running my hand down the full length of his now steel hard dick! I felt so absolutely wicked! The door opened and we entered the elevator.

As soon as the elevator door closed, he turned to me and said, "Take it out. Take it out of my pants." He spoke so

matter of factly, that I wasn't sure if he meant right then, or in the room. I hesitated for a moment thinking about his order. He reached over and pushed the stop elevator button. I stepped in front of him and unzipped his pants. I don't remember a zipper ever being that long before. I know it came down instantly, but at the time, it seemed like several seconds elapsed from the time I first found the zipper tab and the time it was totally down. "Now, take it out." I did. Reaching inside his pants, I wasn't sure if I had hold of his cock or a snake. Whatever it was, it was big... and it was moving! When my hand came out of his pants, so did the biggest cock I can ever remember handling. And somehow, I knew it wasn't fully erect yet. I soon found out how unerect it was. By the time I fully experienced him, I'd know what a cock could really be like. But at that moment, I was still to find out.

Dropping to my knees, still inside the elevator stopped between the ground and the first floor, I took his dick into my mouth! My jaws were open wide, but not wide enough. I'd sucked big cocks before, and I made myself relax. Soon I was sucking him without difficulty, but the damn thing was growing between my lips. I had just established a rhythm to my sucking when he leaned forward a bit. And the elevator starting moving. He had pushed the start button again. The elevator continued its journey to the tenth floor. Within a few seconds I heard the door open. And I heard a gasp from the couple standing in the hall in front of us.

Adrian took my hand and led me to his room. Inside was a huge king-size bed awaiting us. We went in and immediately Adrian dropped his shorts and when I saw the size of his cock with no pants around it, I was truly shocked, but a good shock in which I couldn't wait to wrap my lips around it again. I took the head into my mouth and licked up and down the crown. I then took as much as I could into my throat. I kept sucking and licking but there was no way I

could take him fully into my throat.

Adrian picked me up and carried me over to the bed. In one motion my dress came off and a moment later he was naked, too. I laid back and told him to slam it into my pussy. He took his shaft in his fingers and aimed straight for my pink hole and in went the head. More and more he fed it into my pussy until his base was against my ass. I wailed as Adrian began to thrust into my pussy, crying for him to fuck me harder, to slam my pussy deeper as my fingers rubbed my clit. Adrian pumped me deep and hard, telling me to fuck his cock or he was going to slide it up my ass. I was begging him to fuck me and telling him how much I



loved his big cock inside my pussy. I was pushing back onto his long shaft meeting his thrusts as he filled my tight pussy.

Adrian said he was about to cum and as he pumped me harder, I began to cum but jumped off his cock finishing my orgasm with my fingers as I took his cockhead into my mouth. I swallowed him deeper as he unleashed a flood of cum inside my mouth. White cum slid out from the corners of my mouth but there was way to much to contain it. I sucked his cock cleaning the juices from its shaft. I pulled his cock from my mouth and kissed the head. I sat back on the bed, legs spread and pussy swollen from the pounding I just received.

Midnight arrived, and like Cinderella, I had to leave. I kissed Adrian goodbye and wished him much success with the team. I went home to my waiting husband and told him about the evening. He thanked me for taking care of his man. Then added – the other first round pick from Serbia will be in tomorrow. My pussy quivered.



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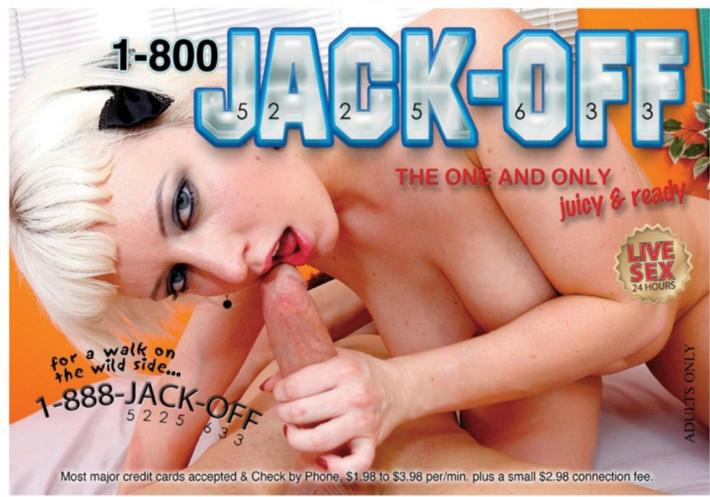












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